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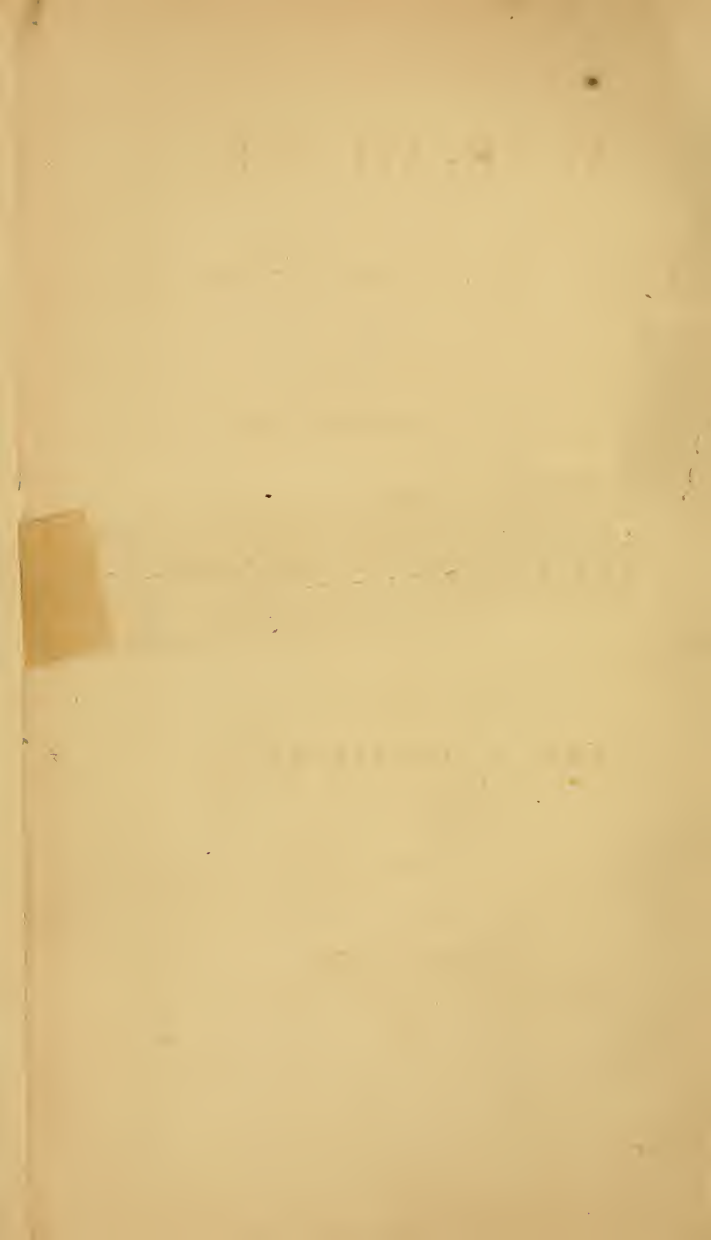
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WAB-AH-SEE.





WAB-AH-SEE,

THE WHITE SWAN;

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LEGEND OF THE SLEEPING DEW:

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY

MRS. M. JENNIE KUTZ.



GRAND RAPIDS:

STEAM PRESSES OF DYGERT, HART & CO.

1870.

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P R E F A C E .

This edition of WAB-AH-SEE is mainly designed for the numerous friends of the author, with whom she has lived and labored, who are well acquainted with the scenes and circumstances that led to the production of the legend, and to such no prefatory remarks are necessary; but, to the stranger who may read these pages, allow us to say, that the main events woven into rhyme in WAB-AH-SEE, are truthful fragments of the unwritten history of the early days of Grand River Valley, and as such, possess thrilling interest to the present dwellers in the Valley, as matters of tradition; only echoes, as it were, of the strange weird past, seldom, yet sometimes repeated to us by the few yet remaining among us, whose footsteps fell upon the Indian trail, in the times when the forests covered the land where our own beautiful homes now stand.

From this Valley, as from the thousand other American Valleys, the scenes of their former pleasure and prowess, the red men have passed forever. The graves where their people sleep are utterly disregarded by us, and almost as utterly by the feeble remnants of the once

numerous tribes who linger still by Michigan's waves, so demoralized have they become, by their fearfully rapid decline. The red man is a novelty in our midst even now, and as time passes every event illustrative of their peculiar traits and habits, will become more and more interesting, as difficulties gather around their investigation.

Begging indulgence for all imperfections, we herewith present the first of a series of fragmentary traditions, thus endeavoring to preserve somewhat of the early history of the land wherein we dwell, and the people once its lords—who recede before our inexorable footsteps, as inevitably as the dewdrop fades before the all-conquering rays of the sun.

W A B - A H - S E E,

THE WHITE SWAN;

A LEGEND OF THE SLEEPING DEW.

Bright Bostwick! by thy waves I stand
Where towered once a pine tree grand,
That at my feet is lying now,
With shattered trunk and withered bough.

I lay my hand caressingly
Upon the remnant of the tree.
For, oh! it was a much-prized friend
That thus hath met untimely end.

Long years ago, o'er Bostwick's tide
I saw thee waving in thy pride.
I sat beneath thy breezy shade,
In years that to the past have strayed,
And listened to thy thousand leaves,
That answered to the whisp'ring breeze.
I heard the low-toned waves that break
Upon the white shore of the lake;
And, to my fancy, all that band

Of waves that knelt upon the strand,
Were vestal virgins of the deep,
In adoration at thy feet,
Pouring their alabaster store
Of gleaming foam along the shore.

And upper deeps in minstrelsy,
Paid homage to the lone pine tree.
For myriads of warblers came
To pour their matins to thy name;
And e'en the sun in western sky,
Pausing to bid the world good bye,
Sent back his golden rays to thee—
Grand tribute to thy majesty!
How many times when twilight came,
And all the west seemed distant flame,
Thy lofty brow hath caught the glow,
Though deepening shadows crept below;
And lighted like cathedral old,
With changeful shades of green and gold,
The whisp'ring leaves, o'er lake and glade,
With evening winds sweet vespers made.

And, oh! how I have loved to stand
And worship at thy altar grand,
Admiring all thy circling might,
Thy rugged roots and towering height,
As many, many feet on high,
Thy cone-crowned head rose to the sky;
Thy arms wide spread on either hand,

As thou wert blessing all the land!

And when the Storm-King swept the lake,
'Till all its waves in white foam break,
How I have raised my arms on high,
To see thee sweep the stormy sky;
And shouting in wild, maddening glee.
Encored thy song, thou lone pine tree ;
But now that dream of power is o'er,
For thou art prone upon the shore.
The wind's wild cohorts thou might'st scorn,
And fling them back upon the storm;
But the fierce thunderbolt's rude jar
Hath scattered thy huge trunk afar;
Hath struck an unresisted blow,
And laid thy year-worn honors low.

Farewell, lone pine tree by the lake;
A mournful dirge my numbers wake;
For, ah! this is the last of thee,
Thou had'st no Legend-history.

And thou, bright lake amidst the wild,
To fame thou art an unknown child.
Thou hast not found a poet's hand
To set in rhyme thy circling strand:
Or, of the crowning hill-tops rave,
That bend around thy southern wave.
Nor lives in song that child* of thine.
That scarce the midday sun can find,

*Little Bostwick.

So deep amid the hills it lies,
It takes the sportsman by surprise.

A Scott and Burns have sung of Lochs,
Jagged and torn, amid the rocks;
Or flowing streams their pens have bound
In rhyme, and made them "classic ground."
But thy bright waves may sleep for years;
Thou hast no tale to charm men's ears.
While thus I sang with troubled brow,
Of lakelet's wave and blighted bough,
Lo! as evoked by my sad tone,
A youth stood on the beach alone.
His dark eye wandered o'er the wave,
As 't were a dearly loved one's grave,
And flashed upon the farther shore,
As if to charm some wanderer o'er.

My gaze was fixed upon his face—
He was not of the white man's race.

His deep round chest, and light free limb,
His eagle eye and tawny skin,
Told me he was the forest's child,
A warrior-hunter, free and wild.

Long, long he gazed on lake and shore,
And scanned the circling country o'er.
Then, with a savage "ugh" and stare,
He deigned to see that I was there.

I almost seem to see him now,—
His lifted cheek and sloping brow,

His raven hair and straight lithe form,
His deep set eye—(a sleeping storm;)—
And then his strange apparel, too,—
His deer-skin leggings fringed with blue;
His hunter's shirt of fiery red,
Broidered with pure white silken thread;
And, too, his deer-skin mantle lined
With silver-tinted mohair fine,
Was worn with an exceeding grace,
As one hand held it in its place.
His raven hair flowed down his neck—
A silver band held it in check;
And deftly in that band was set
The white-swan's feathers, held in jet.
I'm sure the hand was small and neat
That wove the covering for his feet;
I've seen them beautiful before,
But not *like* moccasins he wore.

Stretching his free right arm abroad,
He looked fair Nature's sovereign lord:
And pointing to the sleeping lake,
Slowly, at first, the strange youth spake;
Then, like the whirlwind rushing past,
His burning words fell thick and fast:

“White squaw laments that none e'er knew
A legend of the ‘Sleeping Dew;’*
And mourns the shattered old pine tree,

*Bostwick Lake.

Because it has no history.
Does pale-face think this country has
No moons except for white men's paths?
Does pale-face think that love or fear
Came not where red-men chased the deer?
Does pale-face know that our big braves
Oft' slept beside these gleaming waves?
Or, that tradition makes this tree
A land-mark in our destiny?
If pale-face squaw would like to hear,
Wah-ne-gah speak it in her ear:—
"Yonder," he pointed to the west,
"Another bright lake spreads its breast;
A mile it is in white-man's talk,
The Indian calls it but a 'walk.'

 This one we called the Sleeping Dew,
A name significant to you;
And that we called the Dew Drop's Bride,*
Because they feed each other's tide."
And then he pointed to the north,
"Yonder," he said, "the trail went forth.
A little way it branched in three,
The west led to the Bended Knee;†
The east to Pocamah's‡ low strand,
The middle trail led up the land,
Some five quick walks to Wab-ah-see,

*Silver Lake †Beers' or Haynes' Lake. ‡Cranberry Lake.'

Past Deadman's Lake,* to Wampanee."†
 Then to the South his finger swept;
 "Close to the lake the trail-path crept,
 'Till at the hills in two it breaks,
 That keeping westward past the lakes,
 Meets the Gathering Waters trail,‡
 Near what the Indian calls Big Wail.§
 The plough has spoiled the trail we walked
 To hear our old men hold 'big talk;'
 You scarce can find where sleep our braves,
 The white man's corn above them waves.

The southern trail, 'mid lakes around,
 Led to the Big Tree|| planting ground,
 Where Singing Waters■ went to rest
 Within the Gathering Waters' breast,
 And a huge elm its branches spread,
 Above the land that gave us bread.

There fearlessly the song-birds came,
 And praised the great Manitou's name;
 There antlered buck and graceful fawn,
 Cropped the soft grass at early dawn.
 And many wigwams' curling smoke,
 The peaceful life of red men spoke.

*A small lake in Oakfield, upon which one of the early settlers was found frozen to death.

†Flat River, the Indian name is Can-bau-gwau-she, signifying shoal or flat, like a belt of Wampum.

‡Grand River, the Indian name being Wash-ta-nong, gathering far inland.

§Plainfield.

||Ada.

■Thornapple, Indian name So-wau-que-sake, branches.

Oh! how we loved our steps to wend
Along the shore where maples bend,
Beneath their shimmering leaves to glide,
In light canoe adown the tide.

How loved the spot where children played
Beneath the swaying elm tree's shade,
Where dark-eyed maids looked fondly out,
And smiled to hear the welcome shout
Of fav'rite hunters from the chase,
Nearing their sylvan dwelling place.

But, ah! how changed the scene to-day!
The Indian wigwam gone away;
The bounding doe and graceful fawn,
Scared by the white man, too, are gone!
And gone the music of the stream,
Crushed harshly out, like red man's dream!
The white man chained the gleaming tide,
And so the Singing Waters died."

He paused. I saw his strong chest heave,
Like little child's, when it doth grieve;
And his thin lips so firmly pressed,
Told me the anguish of his breast.
I thought his eye had gathered tears,
In memory of those other years,
As backward to the scenes he knew,
His thoughts on noiseless pinions flew.
A statue, motionless as stone,
Long, long he mused on scenes by-gone,

Then with a wild impulsive start,

Forth broke the red man's vengeful heart.

“Pale-face, the white man rears his home
Where once the red man used to roam ;
His sharp ax lays the forest low,
Where red men chased the bounding doe
The white man grinds his corn to-day
Where the free waters used to play ;
And all these lands he stole from us,
And scattered us like clouds of dust.
But, first, he gave us ‘drink’ that stole
The light from out the red man's soul ;
Made ‘squaws’ of all our biggest braves,
Then robbed us of our fathers’ graves !

Our council fires in blood he quenched ;
The white man's plough our graves has trench'd,
His foot treads scornfully the place
Where sleep the buried of our race :
And to the West my people turn,
With saddened hearts that venegful burn
And where the far-off prairies sweep,
The remnants of our tribe must sleep ;—
But, ere the last ‘great brave’ shall die,
Huge fires shall light the Western sky !

Does pale-face think their flames are fed
By autumn grasses sere and dead ?
Wah-ne-gah thinks 'tis Indian ire
Hath set the white man's home on fire.

To light the pale-face soul along
The 'death trail' Indian sent it on !"

He paused again. His eye grew bright,
Then darkened as in sudden night.

"No good," he said, "No good. 'Twill bring
War Eagle down with swooping wing.

Manitou calls for all our braves,
To council-fires beyond our graves;
Wah-ne-gah knew their destiny,
'Twas shown him here beneath this tree."

Eastward he pointed with his hand,—

"Yonder the war-trail crossed the land;

And when the brave Tecumseh tried
To stay the white man's sweeping tide,
He came upon the Blended Trail,

With Pottawatomies to wail;

But 'twas the 'death trail' for his feet,

When he went forth his 'braves' to meet :

And, when the great Tecumseh fell,

Hope bade the Indian's heart farewell.

Tecumseh heard beneath this tree.

He was the red man's destiny :

If *his* should be the victor's hand,

His people should possess the land.

'Death or victory for the brave ;

Dominion, or a warrior's grave !"

Manitou to the pine leaves sang

That night above the war dance's clang.

Thus to the strife the 'brave' went out,
And died amidst the battle-shout ;
And back our saddened warriors came,
With nothing but Tecumseh's name.

" But pale-face squaw would like to know
The legend of the blighted bough.

Oh ! many, many moons ago,
Before Wah-ne-gah saw the dawn,
A mighty chief by Wabash's stream,
Beheld this lake-side in a dream ;
Dreamed that our scattered tribe would find
Manitou at the lonely pine.

A chief should dwell beside this lake,
To hear what the ' Great Spirit ' spake,
That red man's feet might never fail,
On hunter's or the warrior's trail ;
And big chief dreamed—in future time
A wanderer from a far-off clime,
Would seek protection of our tribe ;
And that the spirit-voice would chide ;
But, heedless of Manitou's voice,
The red man gave the stranger choice ;
And, by his serpent trail beguiled,
Then came their downfall, through his child,
The white man's shadow wrapped the tribe,
'Till, one by one, their big chiefs died,
And none were left to point the place
Where slept the buried of our race.—

The sleeper woke to tell his dream.
By far-off Wabash's rolling stream,
And, led by big chief's prophet eye,
My people left the sunny sky,
And, in this land of lakes and streams,
Fulfilled the 'medicine' of dreams.

Great many moons we dwelt beside
These many lakes and river-tide,
'Till through the wood or on the shore,
Our grey-haired prophet walked no more;
Then pale-face stranger placed his foot
Within the Lodge of Monitok,
And asked to be a 'chief' and 'brave,'—
He was no coward or a slave.
With haughty step, and peerless grace,
He sought midst warriors for a place,
Nor sought in vain—the sequel told,
Fulfilling the tradition old.—
A brave he was, so pale and fair,
With golden light along his hair,
And stealthy step as light and free
As forest hunter's erst might be.

That night Manitou wandered long
Amid the pine leaves' solemn song,
Bidding Wah-ne-gah speak to save
His people from the stranger brave.

Three lodges stood beside the lake;
First, Monitok's, the Racer Snake;

Next was the war chief's, Eagle Eye;
Then Big Owl's tent was pitched hard by.

Along the main trail up the land,
Were camped a numerous warrior band;
Sleeping to dream the morrow's dawn
Would bring them feasting, joy and song.

None but Wah-ne-gah heard the tone
That to the pine tree made its moan;
But when the moon, low in the west,
Laid 'Wampum' o'er the bright lake's breast
And mantled with a misty sheen,
Its farther shore could not be seen,
A phantom boat with statued form,
Dark as the spirit of the storm,
Came on the moonbeam's belt of gold,
Straight to the pine tree, lone and old,
And, rising to its utmost height,
Wrapped the green tree in darkest night.
(Wah-ne-gah saw the strange weird thing,
A phantom bird with sable wing.)
And then, a loud, unearthly wail,
Rang out along the midnight trail,
That roused each warrior from his sleep,
And brought him, frightened, to his feet.
Each chieftain sprang to open ground,
But direst darkness wrapped him round,
Filled with a moan of chill despair,
-Like spirits wailing through the air,

Nor voice, nor darkness left the pine,
'Till the full mid-day sun did shine.
Then to the council fire they came,
Hunters and braves of every name,
And, seated round the old and wise,
Each warrior smoked with downcast eyes.

At length the chief Monitok rose,
And said, ' Warriors of the Long Bows,—
A stranger asks an Indian wife,
A hatchet, belt, and scalping knife,
The white swan's feathers for his hair,
The eagle's claws to bind them there ;
A right to hunt our bear and deer,
War paint to make our foemen fear.
Let Big Owl speak up in his place,
Make Indian chief of young pale-face ?'

Thus summoned, the old chief replied ;
' Monitok, bravest of the tribe,
Fleetest of foot upon the trails,
Compared with thee, old men are snails,'

Then, pointing to his hair, he said—
' Great many snows make white this head ;
This wisdom Big Owl has to tell,
Let young chief do his duty well.

This stranger asks a hunter's gear ;
Good,—let him chase the bear and deer.
This stranger asks a trader's belt ;
Good,—Let him take the grey wolf's pelt.

This stranger asks the eagle's claws ;
The right to give our young men laws ;
Let pale-face bring the eagle down,
And bind his talons on his crown,
Then Big Owl give the wise man's place
In welcome to the young pale-face.

This stranger asks the big chief's crown,
The white swan's wing of regal down ;
Upon our trails let white man dwell
Great many moons, then Big Owl tell.'

And then the old chief sought his place,
With solemn dignity and grace.

Great many wise men raised their voice,
And all would give the stranger choice,
'Till Eagle Eye, a youthful brave,
His 'calumet' of friendship waved,
Then spoke,—'Great chieftain Monitok,
May all our warriors prove a rock,
Unyielding in the battle's might,
Should 'Long Knives' come to give us fight ;
May all our big braves use their ears,
And keep their hearts from foolish fears ;
And, like the Big Owl's, may their eyes
See when no light is in the skies ;
And may their war-cry, wild and free,
Sound fierce as eagle's screams may be,
When soaring to a lofty height,
He rends his prey beyond our sight.

If pale-face wish with us to dwell,
Good,—Eagle Eye will love him well.
But Eagle Eye sees *red* braves here,
Who *fight*, as well as chase the deer.
Would chiefs make stranger pale-face free,
What our own braves may never be?
Who tried the stranger brave to know
His hand draws not a crooked bow?
Who knows his hatchet falls not where
The Indians' midnight lodges are?
First let him in our wigwams dwell
Great many moons that we may tell
If pale-face's heart is truly red.
Monitok, Eagle Eye has said.'

Then to his feet Wah-ne-gah sprang,
And through the woods his clear voice rang:
'Warriors,' he said, 'we own this land,
Made for us by Manitou's hand;
Through forest depths we chase the deer,
And walk these paths without a fear;
Our green corn waves by each bright stream,
And 'neath these shades our maidens dream.
None come to stay our light fleet tread,
Or fill our hearts with boding dread;
But, should we take this stranger in,
I see along the future dim,
Disgrace and ruin for our race;—
This land the white man's dwelling place.

I've heard that old chief, Wake-the-Day,
Dreamed it great many moons away ;
And now Manitou, last dark night,
Spoke out and gave each warrior fright.

Last night Manitou gave me dreams ;
May be pale-face tell what it means :

Wah-ne-gah dreamed a big canoe
Took him across a nether blue ;
Big waters all around him spread,
As bends the sky above his head.

Wah-ne-gah saw a regal land,*
Ruled by one big chief's single hand,
And in that land a maiden dwelt,
Who wears this pale-face's marriage belt.
What made him leave his blue-eyed bride ?
His big chief sent him from her side.
Shall Indian mend a broken bow ?
Monitok, bid the pale-face go.
And, with defiant scorn and pain,
Wah-ne-gah sought his place again.

But words were vain, the white man's art
Had stolen round each savage heart,
And nought, that fateful, solemn hour,
Could break his secret, subtile power.

The council rose, the vote they gave,
Made him a chieftain, and a brave ;
And moccasins, a splendid pair,
Wrought by Naontah's fingers fair,

* France.

Monitok brought, and laid them down
Before the stranger on the ground.
A belt of wampum and a gun
Laid by them, and the work was done ;
With scalp-lock lifted to its place,
And dark paint laid upon his face,
The stranger stood a chief and brave,
Beneath the lone-pine by the wave.

All but Wah-ne-gah joined the 'smoke ;'
And loud each warrior's cheer-cry broke,
As round the big chief's lodge they pressed
To see the pale youth, Indian dressed.

Naontah, maid with starry eyes,
Gazed on the stranger with surprise.
Naontah loved the young pale-face
More than the warriors of her race.
Her quick ear learned to know his feet,
Her maiden smile grew soft and sweet ;
And her small fingers often stole
Along his curls of jet and gold ;
Rare music to her soul, his voice,
Making her inmost heart rejoice.
And so one time when dew drops bright,
Gleamed in the early morning light,
Monitok missed his daughter's face ;
She was not in her 'customed place,
At middle night, where we stand now
She sought the pine tree's sheltering bough,

Where wooing lovers, 'neath the light
Of the pure stars, their troth vows plight ;
And forth upon her marriage trail,
She wandered with the stranger pale,
Nor came again to dwell beside
The chief Monitok, ere she died.

Long years before, Monitok's bride
Had crossed the sullen river's tide,
And joined the soul's strange shadow band
That journey to the spirit land ;
Thus none were left Monitok now,
Save Wah-ne-gah, the Blighted Bough.

Yonder, the Dew Drop's wave beside,
Dwelt Wah-ne-gah's intended bride.
Wah-ne-gah loved his sister's eyes,
Their starry look of sweet surprise ;
But red man's language fails to tell
How White Fawn made his bosom swell.

Her clear round eyes grew into light,
As stars gleam out along the night ;
And graceful as the willow bough.
The silken braids flowed from her brow.
Her pure young face was like the morn,
Or like the full moon eastward born ;
It gleamed along Wah-ne-gah's way,
And turned dark night to brightest day.
Her voice was like the cheery song,
Of soaring lark at early dawn ;

Or, like the mocking bird's, her trill
Stole each glad strain by glade or rill,
As, free from care, her girlish song
Rang through the forest shades along,
And when her feet sped on the path,
They made the stones with gladness laugh
But pale-face stranger stole away
The light from Wah-ne-gah one day.
If white squaw listen she shall know
Why Wah-ne-gah's a blighted bough :
Naontah, maid with starry eyes,
The stranger_won her for his prize ;
And with sweet love and tender pride,
She walked confiding at his side,
And strove with guileless art and grace,
To decorate the chosen place,
Whereon their bridal wigwam stood,
Beside O-wash-ta-nong's broad flood,
Where rushing mid the rocks along,
The Gathering Waters sing quick song.
Great many pale-face dwell now where
Her wigwam smoke rose on the air ;
And where her bark canoe was tied,
In which she crossed the rushing tide,
White man has spanned the broad stream o'er.
With wigwam roof from shore to shore ;*
But Poh-que-tink's no glad to-day,
The white man holds it in his sway.

*Bridge.

And sad its waters seem to weep
For Star-eye long since gone to sleep,
As here and there its waves are tossed
As if in search of something lost.
And Wah-ne-gah will think they miss
The light canoes that used to kiss
Their dancing crests, as light and frail
As thistle-down upon the gale.
When twelve young moons looked in the stream,
And twelve old moons paled like a dream,
Since from the lodge of Monitok,
Pale-face the star-eyed maiden took,
Naontah clasped her bright-eyed boy,
And bade Wah-ne-gah give her joy.
The stranger was not by the stream;
Wah-ne-gah knew his soul was mean;
But Star-Eye bade him seek the place
Where lingered long the loved pale-face,
And bring him to Naontah's side,
To feel a father's worthy pride.
But none could tell where Pale-Face stayed;
And with him, too, the White Fawn strayed.
And when Naontah knew the tale,
Her broken heart made silent wail,
And never more her weary feet
Went forth the grass and flowers to meet;
But Wah-ne-gah and Monitok
Upon the dying maiden looked,
When, with faltering, feeble breath,

Naontah sang the 'Song of Death.'
'Great Manitou, Naontah dies,
Her soul must journey where the skies
Bend downward to the earth's green breast.
Great many moons towards the west.
Naontah knows the trail is bad,
And, oh! her broken heart is sad;
But, with her hands clasped on her breast,
Naontah seeks the land of rest.
Naontah's weary feet must pass
Through the enchanted region vast,
Must seek the 'fearful river's' side,
And cross its wildly-rushing tide.
Naontah knows all frightful things,
That move on feet, or flit on wings,
Will meet her on the narrow trail,
But Star-Eye's heart must never fail.
With eyes fixed on the farther shore,
Although her feet are worn and sore,
Safely the fearful stream she'll cross;
Naontah's soul must not be lost.'
And then her voice grown clear and strong,
Rang out in a triumphant song,
That pealed above the rapids' din.
Like victor shouts in battle hymn.
'Naontah knows when she shall stand
Within the soul's bright 'Summer Land,'
The great Manitou will appear,
And wipe away each bitter tear.

Naontah's heart will ache no more,
Upon the river's farther shore;
For loving 'shades' will bathe her feet,
And soothe her with caresses sweet;
And lead her to a lodge most rare,
Where gentle hands shall braid her hair;
And never more her feet will fail,
Upon the flower-decked spirit-trail.
No false face make her glad heart break,
Or from her eyes the starlight take;
Great truth alone is ever found,
Within the 'Happy Hunting Ground.'
And then her words grown indistinct,
Or wide astray, could not be linked,
But flowed a wild and tearful wail,
'Till cheek and lip grew cold and pale.
The big chief's heart with grief was bowed,
Rut *vengeance* young Wah-ne-gah vowed,
As, wrapped in skin of fawn and doe,
They laid her in the 'death-canoe,'
And placed her in the earth's dark breast,
Alone, in silent peace to rest.
When white man's heart is sore distressed,
Tears ease the anguish of his breast;
But Indian brave must never know
The blessed teardrop's soothing flow.
A squaw may let her sad heart break,
But warrior's heart must only *hate*;
Thus Wah-ne-gah, bereft and lone,

Not e'en to waves must make his moan ;
But on his face must lay black paint,
And, though his heart is sore and faint,
Must tie the scalp-lock of his hair,
And, like the grey wolf from his lair,
Go on the trail with noiseless tread,
To strike the treacherous pale-face dead.
But, though Wah-ne-gah held his breath,
And his light step was still as death,
The White Fawn's brother, Eagle-Eye,
Saw him and bade the stranger fly.
'No, never!' spake the pale-faced brave;
'Never, if here I make my grave.
Let White Fawn's brother raise his hand,
And with his own great warrior band,
Sweep Monitok's last brave away !
Let Eagle-Eye be chief to-day.'

So, lured by white man's forked tongue,
The war dance and the song were sung;
And braves who had been friends till late,
Armed for the strife with deadly hate !

At early dawn the war-cry broke
Upon the ears of Monitok,
Whose camp fires burned beside the trail
Where Indian warriors fell like hail.
Five mounds* upon the spreading plain
Tell of as many big chiefs slain,—
Who sit amid their silent braves,

*Plainfield

Within those hugely swelling graves.

White squaw has read how brave men strike,
Who for a noble purpose fight;
And when with that a great wrong stings,
Men stand like rocks, or fly on wings,
To strike the scoffing foeman's breast,
Or with sharp hatchet cleave his crest.

Not all the hosts of Eagle-Eye
Could make Monitok's brave men fly;
But the great chief Catabanah,
Fell by the knife of Wah-ne-gah;
And the young chieftain, Eagle-Eye,
By Monitok's own hand did die.
Two other chiefs of lesser power,
Fell in that same wild vengeful hour;
At last Monitok laid him down,
With glazing eye, upon the ground.
Wah-ne-gah saw him when he fell,
And with a wild, terrific yell,
Sprang on the foemen in his path,
Resistless as the whirlwind's wrath;
And for each wound his father bore,
Ten braves went down to sleep in gore.
Oh! fearful was that day of blood,
Beside the Gathering Water's flood,
Where hundreds of brave warriors slain,
Lay weltering on the battle plain;
But Wah-ne-gah regardless sped

Through living and above the dead,
Straight to the spot where Pale-Face tried
To stay the battle's adverse tide.

With one fierce yell, and mighty bound,
Wah-ne-gah brought him to the ground,
Disarmed him of his keen-edged knife,
And made the pale-face beg for life.

Backward to his own ranks he pressed,
With Pale-Face held before his breast;
Then, with a wild despairing cry,
Fled every brave of Eagle-Eye!

And Wah-ne-gah's brave warriors stood
Triumphant on the field of blood.

Twilight was deepening on the plain
When warriors gathered up the slain,
And built huge fires around the dead,
To stay the wild beasts' prowling tread.

Next day, and next, they heaved the mounds,
That mark the Big-Wail Planting Grounds;
And white squaw may be sure the name,
Before the awful truth seems tame.

Then Wah-ne-gah the pale-face took,
Back to the lodge of Monitok;
For Big Owl thought 'twas meet that he
Should die beneath the lone pine tree,
Where first his shadow hid the light
Along Wah-ne-gah's pathway bright.

Big Owl bade Pale-Face chant the song

Of death, to cheer his feet along
The strange and unaccustomed way
That leads to whiteman's spirit day;
For never more his feet would tread
The paths that through green forests led;

The hour had come when vengeance's hand
Would stretch him lifeless on the strand.
Then Pale-Face clasped his hands and knelt
Upon the white sand's gleaming belt;
But Wah-ne-gah could never tell
The chant that from his false tongue fell.
Wah-ne-gah's heart laughed out to see
The pale-face on his bended knee.
Then Big Owl brought Naontah's child,
That sweetly on the pale-face smiled;
But oh! his eye was hard and stern,
As he in lothing from it turned.
But when his song of death was o'er,
Erect he stood upon the shore.
Haughty and firm the stranger stood,
Gazing on sky, and wave, and wood,
With lofty brow serene and white,
And in his eye a calm, brave light.
To make him kneel Wah-ne-gah tried,
But, firmly standing, white man died!
Red men respect a foeman brave,
But scorn a cringing, coward slave.
White men erect the gleaming stone,

Within their graveyards, weird and lone,
In memory of the good or brave
Who sleep within the silent grave;
But in Wah-ne-gah's *heart* there stands
A tablet reared by unseen hands,
Sacred forever to the brave,
That fearless fell beside the wave."
Then pointing to a little mound
That marred the sameness of the ground,
"There you will find the pale-face brave,
We left him kneeling in his grave.
More than a thousand moons ago
Wah-ne-gah laid the pale-face low;
But his crushed heart could find no joy,
Not even in Naontah's boy.
Along the woods he joined the chase,
But shadows crept upon his face,
And always to the Sleeping Dew,
Wah-ne-gah's feet Manitou drew.

One night the moon low in the west,
Laid wampum o'er the bright lake's breast,
Just as it did some moons before,
When Pale-Face's feet first sought the shore;
And once again a light canoe
Came gliding o'er the Sleeping Dew,
Propelled by one frail maiden's hand,
It grounded lightly on the strand.

Wah-ne-gah watched it in its flight

Along the moonbeam's belt of light,
And long before the skillful hand
Had brought the frail canoe to land,
Wah-ne-gah's wildly beating heart,
Told him who steered that fragile bark.
Where our lingering feet now stand,
The White-Fawn knelt upon the strand,
And, in a low, impassioned wail,
Her voice took up the mournful tale :
' White-Fawn knows well her feet have strayed,
And sad rebuke her heart has made ;
But White-Fawn was a simple child,
When Pale-Face in her wigwam smiled.

List to yon wild bird's frantic cry,
Chained by the serpent's gleaming eye ;
It has the *wish* but not the *will*,
To break the charmer's deadly skill ;—
And so the poor scared thing must die,
With breaking heart and fearful cry.
But White-Fawn, 'neath the stars' pure light,
Has wandered through the solemn night,
To kneel beside the sleeping lake,
And, while her heart-cords slowly break,
Beg Wah-ne-gah, for her sad fate,
Only the White-Fawn's *faults* to hate.
Just once again she prays to look
Within the lodge of Monitok ;
Once more, on the accustomed strand,

Clasp Wah-ne-gah's sustaining hand,
And gaze into his love-lit eye;
Then, peacefully, White Fawn can die.'

But coldly from the kneeling form,
Wah-ne-gah turned away in scorn;
His heart with love for her was sore,
But still he spurned her from the shore.

Swiftly from land her light canoe
Sped out upon the Sleeping Dew;
And yonder where the pale mist creeps,
Beneath its waves the White Fawn sleeps.

Wah-ne-gah watched her as she went,
But his proud heart would not relent;
Stern fate had swept from him his bride,
Returnless as time's onward tide.
Some where, amid the bowers *above*,
He'd seek again his truant love;
But *she* could ne'er return to *him*,
O'er wrong's broad chasm, deep and dim.

The sad moon hid her brow of light,
Beneath a storm-cloud's breast that night,
And soon a tempest swept the shore,
That every wave in white shreds tore;
But still, erect beneath the pine,
Wah-ne-gah watched the scene sublime,
And sighed that winds should ever sleep,
Or raindrops should forget to weep,
As, like an army rushing by,

The storm-cloud sought the eastern sky,
And fitfully, through forests deep,
Sobbing, the tempest went to sleep ;
But never more that painful thrill
That crept through heart and brain, until,
Borne onward by death's fateful tide,
Wah-ne-gah's arms should clasp his bride.

Twice had the moonbeam's belt of light
Been thrown across the lake at night ;
And, anchored 'neath the lone pine tree,
Twice had it brought sad prophesy,
Wah-ne-gah knew for him once more
That belt of light would reach the shore.
And, in some mysterious way,
His feet along its track would stray ;
And braves would seek in vain for him,
In paths that led through forests dim.
For years he watched the moon to rest
Behind the dark woods in the west ;
And turned each time to join the chase,
With deeper shadows on his face.
No wigwam smoke curled on the breeze,
No bright eyes watched beneath the trees,
No sweet voice sang a welcome song,
To cheer his weary feet along ;
None clung to him for succor now,—
Wah-ne-gah was a blighted bough.

Wah-ne-gah prayed the lightning's stroke

To cleave him as it clave the oak;
Or asked the fearful whirlwind's breath
To sweep him to the shades of death;
But prayed in vain; his weary feet
Must *walk* the golden belt to meet.
And when great many moons had died,
Wah-ne-gah saw it on the tide;
It came at last, that belt of gold,
Along the sleeping waters cold,
While on Wah-ne-gah's startled ear,
A well-known voice rang sweet and clear.

'Manitou bids the White Fawn wake
Wah-ne-gah, by the sleeping lake;
And, with his hand clasped in her own,
Lead him upon the death-trail lone.
Wah-ne-gah's heart need feel no fear,—
The White Fawn's hand his bark will steer,
Where Monitok and Silver-Bough*
Are waiting for Wah-ne-gah now.
For, while the earth is wrapped in sleep,
And pale mists on the waters creep,
The white canoe† glides o'er the wave,
To bear away the sad-eyed brave.

* Wah-ne-gah's mother.

† The Indians believe that those who kill themselves in consequence of trouble, are borne to the spirit land in a white canoe to ease their journey, in pity for their previous sufferings, while those who die a natural death must reach the spirit land on foot, by a weary journey of many months towards the setting sun, terminated by a fearful river, crossed only by a small slippery log, where all frightful phantoms beset the traveler; if he keeps his eye fixed on the farther shore, he enters the "Happy Hunting Ground," otherwise he is lost forever.

The Blighted-Bough no more shall stand
Upon the wave-washed, gleaming strand,
With bare arms reaching o'er the tide,
Waiting to clasp his spirit bride.
The whip-poor-will at dawn shall wake,
The echoes by the sleeping lake,
And thousand tones through woodlands thrill
In answer to the whip-poor-will;
But they will break thy dreams no more,
For thou shalt leave the circling shore;
Borne away o'er a sea of blue,
Crossed alone by the white canoe.
Borne away where the skies are bright,
Where falsehood brings no chilling blight,
And lotus flowers perfume the air,
Drowning for aye the dream of care,
And when with golden beaming ray,
The sun-god ushers in the day;
And warriors from their slumbers wake,
And maidens seek the gleaming lake;
The waves that kneel to kiss the strand,
Will whisper to the dusky band:

‘At midnight, on the Sleeping-Dew,
A dark-eyed maid in white canoe,
Sang-sweetly through a golden shell
That tinkled like a fairy bell,
Charming Wah-ne-gah o'er the tide
To wander with his spirit-bride.’

The sweet voice sang with pathos rare,
Thrilling along the midnight air ;
And then, upon the waves of light,
A vision floated into sight.

Wah-ne-gah knew the sylph-like form,
Lost in the dark night's fearful storm,
When years before, with scornful hand,
He spurned her kneeling on the sand.
One farewell look Wah-ne-gah gave
The lone pine by the lakelet's wave ;
One parting glance o'er forests dim ;
Gazed round the arching heaven's rim ;
And then with swift and eager feet,
Went forth his spirit bride to meet.

Traditions tell the way is long,
And fearful shades the trail-path throng,
That leads by earth's far western bounds,
To red-man's happy hunting grounds :
But Wah-ne-gah saw none of these
Beneath the softly whispering trees
That shade the red-man's home beside
The blessed river's crystal tide.
Wah-ne-gah's soul just went to sleep,
And wakened at the White Fawn's feet !

White squaw sees yonder, through the wood,
Straight east from where the pine tree stood,
A huge oak lifts its leafy crest
Above a simple brooklet's breast ;

And down the bank, beneath its shade,
A sacred lodge our fathers made.
Your feet have wandered by the stream
That makes its way like midnight's dream ;
Its source hid erst from mortal eyes,
Its fountain in the deep lake lies.

Big Owl, loved chief of all the tribe,
Saw *healing* in the simple tide ;
For, when Manitou stirr'd the wave,
Great strength to sick and lame it gave.
Great many 'walks,' from east and west,
Poor Indian came, with pain distressed,
And waited in the shadows deep,
The coming of Manitou's feet.

The Indian, Nature's simple child,
Dwelling amid the forests wild,
Untrammelled by the white man's lore,
Trusted and loved Manitou's power ;
But, long ago, their footsteps strayed
From 'neath the oak tree's sacred shade ;
A false life sweeps them to the grave,
Resistless as the ocean wave.
And when Big-Owl lay down to die,
Manitou bade him prophesy :
'Speak 'gainst my people's straying feet,
Gone out the white man's guile to greet.'

'Red-men, dwelling by every tide,
Stalking through forests deep and wide,

Numerous as the falling leaves,
Stirr'd by the autumn's fitful breeze ;
Manitou gave you sinews strong
As buffalo's thrice twisted thong ;
With skill to conquer in the wood,
The wild game made for red man's food ;
And here and there, by every stream,
Bright as the spirit of a dream,
Manitou set in circling hills,
The planting grounds the red-man tills ;
And, with Manitou's gift of corn,
The red-man laughs grim want to scorn,
When deepening snows lie on the plain,
And sounding footsteps scare the game.
For you, Manitou raised the trees,
And laid their green leaves on the breeze,
Spread His blue blanket o'er your head,
And spangled it with golden thread ;
Gave summer's sun the power to raise,
From damp, dark clods, the golden maize ;
Hung up the silver moon on high
To gather dew drops in the sky,
And scattered them with queenly hand,
As blessings o'er a parching land,
When storm-clouds send their treasured rain,
To cool the sun-god's fevered brain.
Manitou gave you big owl's sight,
Unerring in the darkest night ;

And, for the day, the eagle's gaze,
Unflinching in the sun's bright rays.
Manitou gave you feet to speed,
As flits the wild bird o'er the mead.
The long bow in your hand he laid,
The quiver at your shoulder stayed ;
And led you by the running stream,
Or where bright lakes 'mid forests gleam ;
And gave you all this wide-spread land,
Made for you by his loving hand ;
With antlered buck and bounding doe,
The wild bear and the buffalo,
A plenteous chase for red-man's feet,
Within the wild wood's cool retreat ;
And sweetly, by the babbling streams,
To red-man's sleep came pleasant dreams.
Manitou's children numerous grew,
As morning's gleaming drops of dew.
But when the white man's forked tongue,
Big lie in Indian's weak ear sung,
Then red-man spurned the gleaming wave,
And strove in 'fire' his thirst to lave !
His long bow from his hand he flung,
And took the white-man's speaking gun,
That, like Manitou's voice of wrath,
Scared all the wild game from his path.
Now Manitou has hid his face
In darkness from the red-man's race.

Big-Owl now sees His vengeful hand,
Stretched out in wrath above this land!
Indian hath scorned Manitou's love,
And now the white-man's feet shall shove
The red-man's foot from every path;
Manitou speaks it in his wrath.²

Then Big-Owl raised his dying hand,
And pointed to the pine tree grand—
'The lofty brow of yon huge oak,
Shall fall beneath the white-man's stroke,
When my poor people's straying feet
Have gone the western wave to meet;
But thou, lone pine, beside the shore,
Shall scorn the white-man's puny power!
Manitou loves the pine tree's song,
When red men in its shadows throng;
And it shall stand above the wave,
A land mark to each lingering brave,
'Till the last form shall fade that knew
The legend of the Sleeping Dew;
Then Manitou's own hand will take
The pine tree from the gleaming lake.'

Then Big-Owl laid his stately head
Upon the green earth's genial bed,
Composed his limbs in quiet rest,
With folded arms across his breast,
And peacefully, as good men die,
Went on his journey to the sky.

When Wah-ne-gah first took the babe
Naontah in his strong arms laid,
The dying sister asked that he
Would call the bright boy Wab-ah-see*;
And ever, for his mother gone,
They called the Pale-Face's boy White Swan.
But never once Wah-ne-gah smiled
Upon Naontah's lonely child;
His vengeful heart could not forget
That white blood through those dark veins set,
Or that such curling rings of hair
The treacherous Pale-Face used to wear;
So Wah-ne-gah gave him to one
Who gladly hailed him as his son.

The spirit of the winter came
And scattered snow along the plain;
The spring amid the naked trees,
With breezy fingers wove green leaves;
And Summer flung her robe of flowers
Around the golden-tinted hours;
Then autumn walked with solemn tread,
Among the grasses sere and dead;
But all the changing seasons smiled
Upon Naontah's orphan child,
'Till, like the oak, his limbs grown strong,
Bore him with stately tread along,
The way big chief alone may walk,
Called by the council-fire to talk.

*White Swan.

Wah-ne-gah thought Naontah's eyes
Gleamed ever from the starry skies,
And ever with their holy light,
Guided her boy by day and night.
In no stray paths his feet went by,
He was the light of each brave's eye,
Old warriors blessed him when they died,
And young braves watched his steps with pride.
Big Medicine said, 'Destiny
Smiled on the young chief, Wab-ah-see.'

One day the White Swan claimed his bride,
The brightest maiden of the tribe,
And with gay thongs made up of flowers
Thrown round the waist of Sunny Hours,
Led her by gleaming Wab-ah-see,
His wigwam's light henceforth to be.
Young children came and sweetly smiled
Upon Naontah's noble child ;
But all this time the white man's hands
Were gathering up the red-man's lands.

May be pale-face may never know
What feelings in the bosom grow,
When trampling feet tread out the light,
That made the spirit's pathway bright.
May be pale-face has never known
What 'twas to wander from her home,
And know her feet would never more
Come back to find the home of yore.

If pale-face loves the buds that fling
Their beauty in the lap of spring;
If pale-face loves the flowers that grow;
The free wild winds that fateful blow;
If pale-face loves the voice of floods,
The solemn murmur of the woods;
If pale-face loves the wild birds song,
Warbled by sunny meads along;
If pale-face loves the starry night,
Or crystal dew-drop's gleaming light;—
Let pale-face close her eyes for aye,
To all the grandeur of the sky;
Forever quench the sun's bright beams,
And hush the murmur of the streams;
See not the glorious earth again,
Save in memory's mournful strain;
And voiceless, sightless, helpless drift
Down some dark chasm's dismal rift,
Then, maybe pale-face's heart can guess,
Somewhat of red-man's wild distress,
When from his helpless hands were rent,
The brighter scenes where his youth was spent,
And ruthlessly the plow-share crept
O'er green graves where his fathers slept!
Ashes, by trails lie cold and deep,
Where council fires were wont to leap,
And wearily my people stray,
Fading like summer clouds away.

The white man holds with tightening hands,
These running streams and broad spread lands,
And crowds the red-man's lingering form
Nearer the land where sleeps the storm.
The pale-face should not wonder if
Goaded by wrongs his hands uplift;
Or sometimes, in the dark midnight,
His fearful 'war-cry' makes 'big-fright.'

One day white brother came to call
Our gathered chiefs in council hall,
And asked to buy our streams and woods,
With knives and beads, and useless goods;
Said 'Big *White* Father' loved red-skin,
And wished great happiness to him;
And fiery rum with free hand plied
For days, by Gathering Waters' tide.
But every brave chief, Indian born,
Turned from the brother's talk with scorn,
'Till Wab-ah-see, seduced by gold,
The red-man's birthright from him sold.

Wild consternation filled each band
Of warriors scattered through the land,
When Indian runners on each trail,
Sped forth to spread the direful tale,
And of the wise men form a band,
To hunt the traitor through the land.

None knew where he had sought to hide,
Along the streams and forests wide;

But when the red-man seeks his foe,
He marks each slight twig bended low;
The trampled blade of grass replies
To his quick-seeing, peering eyes;
Even a pebble stirred but slight,
Reveals a human footstep's flight.
The startled cry of owl heard,
The sudden flitting of a bird,
The passage of a beast of prey
Flying across the wood by day,
The slightest wreath of curling smoke,
The faintest sound of paddle stroke,
Tells to the red-man's listening ear,
The lurking foeman's footsteps near:

Thus on, and on, brave Wab-ah-see
Was tracked along the land and lee,
Until, one mellow autumn day,
The traitor chief was brought to bay.

The wild deer startled in the dell
By stag hound's bay or hunter's yell,
Will pause not in his rapid flight,
Except upon some friendly height,
Where, sheltered by a leafy screen,
Seeing the foe, himself unseen,
He gathers up his panting breath,
And flies again the hand of death.
Thus Wab-ah-see had paused to rest
Upon the highland's lifted crest.

White squaw great many times has past
Where Wab-ah-see was caught at last.
In mounds* great many warriors sleep,
Among the seven lakes called Wab-queet.†
'Twas high noon-day. Among the trees
A light smoke floated on the breeze;
And just a taint of broiling meat,
The hungry hunter's nostrils greet.
There, sheltered by a swelling mound,
The chief lay stretched upon the ground.
A cordon of brave warriors crept
Around the big chief while he slept,
Unheard, behind the hill they meet,
And hem him in with stealthy feet.
Each warrior armed with knife and thong,
Slowly but surely crept along.
A moment more a dozen hands
Would bind the chief in captive bands,
When, lo! a stone in shallow bed,
Loosened, adown the hill side sped :
Slight sound it made along its route.
But echo caught it with a shout,
And ringing back from wood and lakes,
The mimic sounds the warrior wakes.
Confused and startled by the noise,
He brought his stately form to poise,
And with presented weapon stood,
Peering along the silent wood.

*In Oakfield.

†A flock of quails.

Old hunters know how pulses leap,
What thrills along the muscles creep,
When just upon the path the prey,
Hard pressed, is fiercely brought to bay;
But where's the language meet to tell
What feelings in the bosom swell,
When *Man's* the game that leads the chase,
And *brother* hunts his brother's face!

There stood the chief with flashing eye,
His muscles tense to fight or fly;
His foot firm planted on the ground,
His head half bent to catch each sound;
His splendid form against the sky
Outlined upon each warrior's eye,
Whose feelings grew akin to awe,
While gazing on the brave outlaw.
Death stared that warrior in the face,
Who dared to leave his hiding place;
And every brave with crouching form,
Shrank from the bursting of that storm,
That surged in waves of fearful ire,
Through Wab-ah-see's fierce heart of fire.
Full well they knew his mighty power,
His prowess in the battle hour,
When *his* was like the lightning's stroke,
That cleaves in twain the sturdy oak;
And dying bruin's last caress,
Hugging the hunter to her breast,

Was gentle as the *vengeful* clasp
Of Wab-ah-see in days gone past.
Who dares to meet his anger now,
When dark despair sits on his brow?

Look! Conistoga, with a thong
In lasso-noose creeps slow along;
On, on, then with a tiger bound,
Sends forth the cord with whizzing sound,
And, when the thong his sure hand flings,
His fearful war-cry fiercely rings.
True to its aim the thong fell down,
And brought the pinioned chief to ground.
Oh! then the stilly air was rent
With yells that burst like thunders pent,
'Till sheer exhaustion stayed the clang,
That through the sounding wild woods rang,
As scores of warriors pressed to see
The prostrate form of Wab-ah-see;
And, gloating o'er the big chief's fall,
They dragged him to the council hall,
Where thronging chiefs and warriors came,
With boding eyes, and hearts aflame,
Eager to seal their deathless hate,
With blood of one revered so late.

Just as the awful hush that falls
Upon the earth, the heart appalls,
When, surging up the western sky,
A fearful storm cloud meets the eye;

Just as we know its shadows deep,
But hide the tempest's trampling feet,
So Wab-ah-see was well aware
That vengeance moved each dusk form there;
Though every warrior took his place
With no emotion on his face;
Knew it before Cobmosa grim
Laid black paint on his tawny skin,
And turned him in the big chief's place,
To show the death vote on his face.
No word the sullen warriors speak,
As each one stains his dusky cheek,
Until Conote, the Red Chief stood,
And asked to stay the vote of blood.

‘Where is the purchase for our lands?
The gold is in the White Swan's hands.
Where shall we seek it when he sleeps,
And forth his guilty spirit creeps?
Warriors, forbear the vote of death,
And let us grant our brother breath.
May be some day he'll give the gold
For which our hunting grounds were sold.’

So he was banished to the shore,
Whose waves gleamed at his wigwam door.
One walk beyond the bright lake's breast,
From north to south, from east to west,
The trees were ‘blazed’ to mark the grounds,
If Wab-ah-see strayed past those bounds,

Then every brave might raise his hand,
And blot the White-Swan from the land.

All artifice was tried in vain,
To draw from him his ill-got gain.
Sometimes 'tis Sunny Hours that pleads;
Anon, his daughters ask for beads;
And then his son would go to school—
But Wab-ah-see was no big fool.
None ever saw the white-man's gold,
For which the hunting grounds were sold.

Great many warriors slept and ate,
With Wab-ah-see beside the lake,
When snows lay deep along the wood,
Where White-Swan's many lodges stood.
Great many times, when summer's sheen
Wrapped all the earth in deepest green,
Pursued the bounding deer with him,
O'er sunny slopes, through valleys dim,
But never once in heat of chase,
Did he forget to note the place,
And never once his footsteps strayed
Past land-marks by the council made;
But time sped onward down the years,
And took from him distrust and fears.
Warriors whose feet were free to roam,
Saw, gathering still, the white man come;
But Wab-ah-see beside the shore,
Saw not the white-man's crushing power;

Knew not as every moon returned,
Fiercer each savage bosom burned,
As maddened by the growing throng,
Each warrior nursed his deadly wrong,
'Till, wakened by the white man's feet,
Swift Vengeance would no longer sleep.

The green corn waved its tasseled head,
On plains where slept our slaughtered dead,
And where our council lodge then stood,
Beside the mighty river's flood,
Our gathering bands were wont for days
To hold the feast of the green maize.
Then maddened braves with many lies,
And oft averted, crooked eyes,
Begged of the once beloved chief
From banishment to seek relief;
Urged him, for sake of his old braves,
To feast beside the rushing waves,
And with the merry dance and song,
Help speed the lagging hours along.
But grim Distrust sat in the door,
And spurned the tempters from the shore,
'Till by-gone hours, a ghostly band,
Assailed the chief on every hand;
And thronging memories rushed to tell,
How, once, his warriors loved him well,
While maidens bright their offerings flung,
And praises of his great deeds sung.

'Oh ! might not love have conquered hate,
And honors in his pathway wait ?'
'Twas thus Ambition's syren tongue,
Insidious to his weak heart sung,
'Till grim Distrust fled from her post,
And Wab-ah-see, the chief, was lost.

May be, the white squaw's cheek would pale,
If Wah-ne-gah should tell the tale ;
And may be, too, her heart would ache
For Wab-ah-see, of yon bright lake ;
Who, straying from yon sunny shore,
Would never see its bright waves more.
May be, her heart would scorn the lie
That lured the traitor chief to die.
May be, white squaw would hail *him* lord,
Who stood among that howling horde,
With folded arms across his breast,
Defiant eye and lifted crest ;
And dauntless, 'mid the savage clang,
His brave deeds in a death song sang.
May be, pale-face would love that soul
That dared the taunt of 'hidden gold ;'
And brought the murderous weapon down,
That stretched him bleeding on the ground.

White Swan knew well that never more
His feet would press yon sunny shore ;
Or follow more in winding trace,
The glad streams in their rapid race ;

That never more the sun for him
Would light the arching heaven's rim ;
Or stars smile downward in his face,
From their far-distant homes in space.
White Swan knew well a heart of fire
Lit up each baleful face with ire
And scorning them with lofty pride,
Like a true warrior White Swan died.
But hate pursued him when he fell,
And louder grew each savage yell,
'Till Reason, reft of her control,
Far from the frantic conclave stole ;
Until the deepening shades of night
Took from the stream its glinting light ;
And, palsied by excess, red braves
Prone, senseless slept beside the waves.

White squaw need never lift her form,
And curl her lip in bitter scorn ;
Wah-ne-gah knows that white-man's drink
Has power the bravest soul to sink.
If Wah-ne-gah were white-man's God,
He'd surely lift the vengeful rod,
And strike that vile miscreant dumb,
Who dared to tempt with fiery rum !

But, from that night of shameful sleep,
Slowly, at last the shadows creep ;
Slowly the beaming morning came
With flashing wheels of golden flame,

That reached and roused the stulted brain,
Of red-men sleeping on the plain,
And, slowly, recollection told,
That Wab-ah-see was stark and cold.

Oh! pitiless the hand to slay,
Where vengeance lured its baffled prey,
While Wab-ah-see defenseless stood
And dared the throng athirst for blood;
But when his voice in death was still,
Memories thronged the heart to thrill;
And many feet with silent tread,
Moved slow in honor of the dead.

In regal state the chief was laid,
With death dance to appease his shade;
But none forgot for white-man's gold,
Their pleasant hunting-grounds were sold.
But when the dark night shadows came,
With many torchlights' glaring flame,
They bore the big chief to his rest,
Upon the highland's lifted crest.
They placed him sitting on the hill,
That he might see the white-man till
The broad plains where his father's sleep,
When gone were all his people's feet.
They placed him sitting in his grave,
Where he could see the gleaming wave,
And watch the white-man's big canoe,
When faded were the forms he knew.

They placed him by the white-man's trail,
Where he might see the stranger pale,
And where his passing feet should be
A long rebuke to treachery.

White squaw will wonder how the brave
Could see the white-man from his grave;
They roofed it o'er with little trees,
And bade him wait and watch through these.
But wofully the red-men rued
The day their hands in blood were brued;
For, ever at the feast of corn,
Was heard his voice of taunting scorn;
And here and there his vengeful soul
Led on the hunt for hidden gold;
Then, in some lone and tangled fell,
Would ring his wild, unearthly yell.
Each new moon in his grave they laid
Tobacco, to appease his shade;
But still the chief who struck him low,
Grew nerveless as an unstrung bow;
And when the White Swan's drooping head,
Told Indian that his soul had sped,
He went not on the death-trail lone,
The Red Chief, too, had with him gone!

White squaw, my people's race is run,
Few wander near the setting sun;
Few wait beside the great lake's shore,
The death-canoe to bear them o'er.

Their fate is like this shattered pine,
Broken, yet grand in its decline.

White squaw, some moons ago this tree
With its broad branches sheltered thee;
But yonder, rolling up the west,
The fearful storm-cloud heaves its breast,
Charged with the lightning's fiery breath,
To strike this old tree to its death!

Look! how the tempest's trampling feet,
Fright the scared waves along the deep,
As, with a broadening sheet of foam,
They near the pine-tree old and lone,
That backward heaves each shiv'ring bough,
Like parted waves before the prow.

Fierce sweep the howling winds along,
And wilder grows the pine-tree's song,
'Till, from the storm-cloud's sable breast,
A bolt of thunder cleaves its crest;
And, yielding to Manitou's power,
The pine lies shattered on the shore.

And, all his weary marching done,
Beside the waves of Michigan,
An aged warrior slept to wake,
Where fearful tempests never break.
More than a thousand moons his feet
Had walked, the flowers of earth to meet;
More than a hundred snows had shed
Their whiteness on Cobmosa's head;
But in the tempest's fearful roar,
That laid this pine tree on the shore,
His spirit joined the shadowy-band
That journeyed to the Happy-Land;—
And thus had passed the last who knew
The Legend of the Sleeping Dew!"

GUID NIGHT.

Guid night, guid night, o'er time's dim sea,
Those words bring back sweet thoughts to me,
As some stray lute, forsaken long,
Had waukened wi' an olden song,
Those twa sweet words, guid night, guid night,
Those twa sweet words, guid night.

Guid night, guid night, a sacred power
Hae' words that spae' o' childhood's hour,
And steal awa' frae' sin and pain,
To gie' us thoughts o' home again,
Those twa sweet words, guid night, guid night,
Those twa sweet words, guid night.

Guid night, guid night, the lang drawn years,
Wi' a' their changes, and their tears,
Hae' fled wi' every weary hour,
As if those words had magic power,
Those twa sweet words, guid night, guid night,
Those twa sweet words, guid night.

Guid night, guid night, a child again,
Beside the auld arm-chair I bend,
And crave as bliss upo' my head,
Frae' those lang sleepin' wi' the dead,
Those twa sweet words, guid night, guid night,
Those twa sweet words, guid night.

Guid night, guid night, I'm gazing now,
Upo' my father's noble brow,
And up the stairs wi' pattering feet,
Keep time to his deep bass repeat,

Those twa sweet words, guid night, guid night,
Those twa sweet words, guid night.

Guid night, guid night, I fondly dream
My mother's form, our household queen,
Bends o'er me i' the trundle-bed,
And fu' o' prayer, the words she said,
Those twa sweet words, guid night, guid night,
Those twa sweet words, guid night.

Guid night, guid night, I wake to know,
That mony lang, lang years ago,
Those dear ones passed frae' mortal view,
Where there's na' need to spak anew,
Those twa sweet words, guid night, guid night,
Those twa sweet words, guid night.

Guid night, guid night, but still between
The chink o' curtain's snowy sheen,
I aft times think they bend o'er me,
And whisper, oh, so lovingly,
Those twa sweet words, guid night, guid night,
Those twa sweet words, guid night.

Guid night, guid night, the vesper bell,
O'er bracken heath or hawthorn dell,
Rings sweet, the maid wi' golden hair,
Or sinless child at e'enin' prayer,
Those twa sweet words, guid night, guid night,
Those twa sweet words, guid night.

Guid night, guid night, in bosky glen,
Or i' the busy haunts o' men,
We ne'er forget at blaze o' noon,
Or whan stars blink the warld aboon,
Those twa sweet words, guid night, guid night,
Those twa sweet words, guid night.





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